

The great Al Caprone and his bodyguard have been released from the Philadelphia prison in which they have been for some time incarcerated on a conviction of carrying concealed weapons in the Quaker City. The murder business in Chicago, which has for a corresponding time enjoyed a comparative quiet, should soon be picking up.

The pertinent remarks pertaining to the progress of business and industry in Campbell, contained in this column last week, excited considerable comment from men vitally interested in the town's development. Not as much comment as you would think, but some. One local merchant even went so far as to say that he thought our ideas might be worked up into something of value to the community.

Which brings us to the question: "By whom should they be worked up?" The Chamber of Commerce is the organization we suggested. Still another question, "Do all the business men in Campbell, who would benefit by a successful 'trade at home' campaign belong and contribute of their time and money to the Chamber of Commerce?" We fear not. And why should those non-contributors reap where they have not sown? They shouldn't. What's the answer?

The answer is obvious—everybody should not only join the Chamber of Commerce (and pay their dues regularly), but attend its meetings and work on whatever job they are put too. The old idea of "letting George do it" isn't so good any more, because there are a lot of towns in which the business men do cooperate, and they are the towns that get by when others fall into the river of economic oblivion.

As we pointed out in last week's comment, one of the most important things about this trade at home stuff is that it must be practiced as well as preached. In other words, a person who cries "Trade in Campbell" and then himself purchases elsewhere a bill of goods obtainable in his own town would be in very bad odor indeed.

The Campbell Press was recently neglected when it came to the letting of one of the nicest printing jobs the town has to offer. Naturally we were indignant over the affair but we hope for better luck in the future. A trade at home campaign might have instilled in the minds of those who had the job to let a desire to patronize home industry—although in this particular instance no reminder should have been necessary. Every merchant, professional man, and craftsman in town suffers from the same neglect. Surely we should all be sufficiently interested in our own financial welfare to hit the ball on any activity that would in any way alleviate the situation which, must as we dislike to admit it, is the paramount menace of all small towns and small business houses.

Well, well, well. The judgment of the writer has been vindicated by bigger and better men. At least our opinion that the prosperity of American labor will suffer as long as the immigration bars are up has been concurred in by the California Joint Immigration committee in a report handed to the House committee on immigration at Washington. It is the opinion of a San Jose writer that the learned lawmakers will do something about it. If you say your prayers regularly, and want to ask for something really worth while, just pray that they do. For when the supply of skilled and unskilled labor is held down to within a few per cent of the demand, then will we have national prosperity—and not before.

If the immigration bars are not put strictly down now, they will be in the future not too far removed—when a labor government sits in the national capital.

That's all.

S. L. Hayes of Sacramento was visiting with friends in Campbell a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parso were visiting in Pacific Grove Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Stubbe and family and Willis Nothig, spent the week end in the Sierra mountains.

## CAMPBELL TESTING GROUND FOR NEW RAILROAD SIGNAL

Campbell this week becomes the official "testing tube" for the first "flashing light" railroad crossing signals to be used in the West, with the installation by the Southern Pacific of one of its unique new signals at the Hopkins avenue crossing.

A second of these signals was placed in operation at the Mountain View-Alviso highway crossing near Sunnyvale last Saturday.

Extensively used in eastern parts of the country, the signals are the first of their type on the Pacific coast, Southern Pacific having been requested by the California Railroad Commission to install a half-dozen of the devices at specific crossings throughout the state as a test of their efficiency as compared to the standard "wig-wag" signal now in use.

Attractive in appearance, the signal is featured by two powerful red lights, visible in each direction of highway approach, which flash alternately. The lights are held equally visible, day or night.

The new signals are officially recognized by the American Railway Association, along with the "wig-wag" type. Engineers of the Railroad Commission are said to have become impressed by them during a recent trip east.

It is understood the Commission will conduct a "poll" locally to determine the opinion of Campbell residents and others utilizing the Hopkins avenue crossing as to the efficacy of the new-type signal.

## MISSION PLAY AT SANTA CLARA APRIL 3, 4, 5, 6

### CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A letter written to the president of the local Chamber of Commerce, T. A. Cutting, from the president of the Santa Clara County Consolidated has been turned over to us. The following are extracts from the letter:

"Dear Mr. Cutting: As you know, we have endeavored during the past year to arouse the interest of the various communities making up Consolidated, to the end that they might each present during the year some sort of celebration or festival which would not only entertain the people of our county and the bay district, but afford an opportunity for a vast amount of general publicity. The fact that these affairs are to take place during different months will develop and maintain a continuity of publicity far-reaching in its scope and of tremendous value to our valley.

"Rev. Cornelius J. McCoy, president of the University of Santa Clara, last fall gave enthusiastic endorsement of Consolidated's idea and volunteered to present the Mission Play as Santa Clara's contribution to the monthly civic program of the valleys' towns and cities.

"For the past two months the faculty and students have been busy formulating plans, painting scenery, rehearsing their parts, and are now busy putting on the final touches to what will undoubtedly be one of the most beautiful and interesting spectacles presented on the coast. The dates are April 5-6 with student matinees on April 3 and 4.

"May I call your attention to the fact that all our county celebrations either apply to our valley as it is today through the Blossom Festival at Saratoga, the Flower Show at Los Altos, the County Picnic at Morgan Hill, the Poultry Show at Gilroy, and the Horse Show at Palo Alto, or to the general color and atmosphere of the past, as portrayed by the Old Settler's Day at Campbell, the Fiesta de las Rosas at San Jose, the Pageant at Los Gatos, and the Fourth of July celebration at Sunnyvale; whereas the Mission Play links these two eras and in a dramatic way, portrays the actual history of our own Mission Santa Clara at the time of the American invasion in 1846. This production is an event of historical and cultural significance to our own people as it has to do with the very start of progress in Santa Clara County.

## Mrs. Harriett G. Hills Passed Away Sunday Morning

Mrs. Harriett G. Hills died at her home on Johnson avenue Sunday morning after an illness of 15 years. She was 81 years old and a resident of Campbell for 40 years. She was a native of Massachusetts and after coming to California has taken an active part in the Los Gatos Women's Relief Corps and a member of the Campbell Grange.

Funeral services are being conducted this afternoon by the Women's Relief Corps and interment is made in the Los Gatos cemetery.

Mrs. Hills is survived by her husband, A. H. Hills and one daughter, Mrs. R. E. Williams of Campbell.

## CITIZENS ASKED TO HELP CENSUS TAKERS IN WORK

The official standing of Campbell will be established for ten years by the federal census which will start April 2. The census will not be taken again until 1940, therefore it is necessary to help enumerators to attain the rightful standing and the only way is to cooperate with the census taker individually.

Every resident can help himself, his community, his state, and the nation by assisting the enumerators in every way possible. Persons who know they will not be home at the time the census is taken are urged to call the census bureau at the San Jose City Hall for schedules of questions to be filled out and mailed back to the bureau.

There are 62 questions on the population schedule to be filled out and each person can greatly assist by having the information required ready. A list of the questions will be published in the paper and the answers can be worked out before hand to save time.

## Christian Endeavor To Hold Program Wednesday Evening

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church is planning a supper and program on March 19 for the benefit of the church benevolence fund. The supper will be at 6:30 and all reservations must be sent in to Rev. J. H. Bennett. The program at 7:30 includes the following numbers: Orchestral selections by the Keesling Orchestra; a one-act Irish play, entitled "Pat's Matrimonial Venture," solos by Stephen Merrill; readings by Miss Schulte, harmonica duet by Mr. Stray and Mr. Smith.

Those taking part in the play are: Mrs. Fielding, played by Lois Bachman; Molly, the Irish maid, played by Helen Robinson, and Pat by Byron Bollinger.

The public is invited to attend. A silver offering will be taken for the program.

Word has been received that Campbell's aerial performers, the Flying Bartletts, will be in San Jose, March 30, for four days with the "Broadway Venues Idea." This will give us an opportunity to see them in their new stunt.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Effie Hubbell at her home on Rincon avenue Wednesday, March 19, at 2:30 p. m.

"The University of Santa Clara is sparing neither effort nor expense in making this production a credit to itself and our county, and I am sure you will agree with me that our every city and town owes a debt of gratitude to the University for having so wholeheartedly entered into our scheme of county publicity. This debt can be paid in only one way and that by an equally generous attendance of our people at these productions.

"In conclusion, may I call your attention further to the fact that Santa Clara County Consolidated is sponsoring this production and is, therefore, vitally interested in its success. I am counting on your support.

"Santa Clara County Consolidated. "WENDELL C. THOMAS, President."

## GRANGE HARVEST FEAST IS SLATED FOR MARCH 25

Tuesday, March 25, marks the date of another Orchard City Grange Harvest Feast. The committee in charge of arrangements is Mrs. Rose Hanger, Mrs. H. M. Shadle, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. H. C. Skow, O. B. Couk, Gus Harms, J. Anderson, and L. E. Hendricks. Those planning to attend should bring something for the table.

After the feast which begins at 6:30 the candidates will be initiated into the third and fourth degrees. S. N. Hedegard, worthy master, will preside over the business meeting before the initiation. Those to be initiated are Mr. and Mrs. George Dolfin, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Hall S. Schrader, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hummell, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Jones, Catherine Siekman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. W. Raab, Mrs. Maud Burns, Mrs. Mary Lamphear, Percy Dunlap, George Jepsen, Sallie Davidson, Sadie Maxson, Esther Hedegard, Emma Gaiser, and Betty Keesling. Mrs. Ida Glendinning, Master of the degree team and her staff will obligate the new members.

Saturday, April 5, the Orchard City Grange will visit the Mountain View Grange and present the traveling tractor to them. The local Grange will give the program.

## Shriner's Ladies' Night At Temple Thurs. Eve.

In the De Molay room of the Scottish Rite hall in San Jose, Thursday evening, March 20, the Shriners and Masons and their friends will enjoy a ladies' night.

The entertainment will feature the Cornell Sisters in a musical program; Mrs. Betty Cunningham, who will sing several solos; Nana Ruth Collner, dancing; the De Molay Trio; Miss Mildred Cannon, who will do several piano numbers; Doris Xenier and Caroline Whitney, violet duets with Ruth Whitney at the piano; Mr. Yocco, soloist; and Mr. and Miss Cannon, who will play some duets.

Refreshments are to be served after the entertainment.

## Miss Kathryn Moon Bride of Leslie Judson

Sunday Miss Kathryn Moon became the wife of Leslie Judson. The wedding took place at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Judson and the ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Howard McConnell of the Christian Church of San Jose. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moon of Rincon avenue. For the present their home will be with the bride's parents.

The Saturday afternoon beofre the wedding a number of Miss Moon's former classmates in the Campbell High school gave a shower at the home of Gladys Burns in honor of the coming wedding. The bride-to-be was given a large assortment of kitchen utensils from the guests. The guests were: Dorothy Burton, Ruth Chaffee, Fay Lovell, Margaret Keesling, Lulu Mordock, Esther Sorenson, Edna Soutar, Miss Marckson, and the hostess Gladys Burns. Delightful refreshments were served after an afternoon of visiting and games.

Wayne Davis came home from the Southern Pacific hospital at San Francisco Monday after a seven weeks lay-up. He fell from a platform and badly injured his back.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard entertained at dinner at the home Sunday evening in honor of their brother Milton Hedegard. After the dinner, games and music was enjoyed.

The Keesling family orchestra was the leading feature on the program of the Santa Clara County Pomona Grange at their meeting in San Jose Saturday evening.

The "winter" division of the Congregational Women's Guild will meet Thursday evening, March 19, at the home of Mrs. G. E. Jeffers.

## Many Are Present At Women's Club Guest Day Program

About 107 members of the Country Women's club and their guests enjoyed the program given by the club at the Community hall Monday afternoon at their annual "Guest Day." Each member invited one guest and the women teachers of the high school and grammar school were special guests of the club.

The hall was very prettily decorated with large bowls and baskets of daffodils, columbine, and greenery.

The entertainment consisted of two violin solos by Calvin Bohnett, assisted by Mrs. F. V. Perrott at the piano; four selections by the High School Orchestra under the direction of A. A. Thielke; "A Glimpse of Mexico," by Mrs. H. C. Smith; two pupils of Mrs. Vaudine Putnam Saunders danced and sang several numbers; Mrs. Donald Page sang two solos, Mrs. G. S. Robson, accompanist.

Light refreshments were served by girls who were dressed in aprons and caps of the St. Patrick's motif. The girls who assisted in the serving were Ruth Farman, Helen Robinson, Mary Shank, Eleanor Knopf, Marion Lenox, and Geraldine Lloyd.

The committees in charge of program, decorations, and refreshments were: Mrs. L. T. Lenox, and Mrs. H. M. Shadle, chairmen, assisted by Mrs. J. C. Ainsley, Mrs. A. W. Page, Mrs. G. S. Robson, Mrs. L. C. Shank and Mrs. H. C. Smith.

## Kiwanis Club Entertained By Louis Normandin

A trip to Japan and Singapore was shown on the Kiwanis screen at noon today by Louis Normandin of San Jose. The local club is enjoying a heap of travel while sitting at home these days and the men are enjoying the treats.

W. E. Carlson of the Edison Lamp Co., of San Francisco, will do the enlightening next Tuesday while Lloyd Berry will control the eliminator. Illumination and merchandising is the topic for the day.

It was decided to hold a Kiwanis card party at the club room the evening of March 29. A number of suitable prizes will be awarded and the affair promises to be an enjoyable one.

The men in charge of the event are J. C. Dempsey, S. N. Hedegard and H. C. Smith.

## C. U. Grammer School Faculty Entertains

At 6:30 this evening the faculty of the Campbell Union Grammar School will entertain the faculty of the Foothill district of Santa Clara Teacher's association at a dinner in the school cafeteria. Miss Rowena Farman assisted by several of the teachers is in charge of the dinner.

A program has been arranged by the local instructors at which Dr. Carl Halliday, State Teachers' College will be speaker. Mrs. Lillian Roberts and Stephen Merrill will each sing several selections, and some of the teachers will perform.

## Last Card Party Is Well Attended

The Ada Rebekah Lodge held its last card party of the series Saturday evening. A large crowd was present. Whist was the game of the evening.

In the series of parties each person saved his score until the last one and Saturday scores were counted and the grand prize, which was a beautiful quilt was won by Julius Bachman for having the highest score for the series.

Myrtle Johnson received the entrance prize and Dr. F. R. Anderson received the prize for the highest score of the evening.

Refreshments were served after two hours of card playing.

The committee in charge of arrangements and to whom credit is given for an enjoyable evening are Ernest Snow, A. B. Covey, Phillip La Barbara, W. R. Coupland, and Al Johnson.

## BIG CROWD HEARS HIGH ORCHESTRA CONCERT FRIDAY

A most successful concert was given by the Campbell High School Orchestra in the Grammar School Auditorium Friday evening, March 14. The audience, which nearly filled the auditorium was very enthusiastic over the music, the volume of applause calling for many encores.

Under the direction of A. A. Thielke the orchestra has been developed into something that Campbell can be proud of. During an intermission in the program Elmer Sundquist, in behalf of the members of the orchestra, presented Mr. Thielke with a lovely bouquet in appreciation of his work for them in the past four years.

### The program:

"La Reine de Saba," Ch. Gounod, orchestra; "Unfinished Symphony in B Minor," Franz Schubert, orchestra; "Kashmeri Song," and "Serenade," from "Student Prince," solos by Ignatius Pampaloni, accompanied by Mrs. Dorothy Kay; musical sketch, "The Rabbit," Mark Ross, elocutionist, with orchestral accompaniment; "I Gather a Rose," and "Rosary," solos by Rose Abinante, Mrs. Kay, accompanist; "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1, Greig, orchestra; "Stradella," overture, Flotou, orchestra.

Members of the orchestra are: Violins, Mildred Pyle, Vivian Hornberger, Choy Kurasaki, Willis Noethig, Ethel Kirk Mary Call Chester Blyther, George Gomes, Dan Furtado; viola, Rhoda Pyle; cellos, Dorothy Watson, Marjorie Keesling; bassoon, Mark Pasquin; piano, veva Nichols; french horns, Lawrence Templeton, Melvil Voge; trombone, Elmer sundquist, clarinet, Barton Wood; bass clarinet, Ray Verdiere; flute, Margaret Keesling; trumpets, Betty Keesling, Harold Gardner, string bass, Jerome Pope, Vera Flint; BB bass horn, Ernest Keesling; oboe, Alfred Beer; organ, Dorothy Bauer; timpany and drums, Reed Hall.

## BLOSSOM FESTIVAL IS SCHEDULED FOR SUNDAY, MARCH 23

The Blossom Festival committee has selected Sunday afternoon, March 23, at 2 o'clock, for the Thirty-first annual celebration of the Santa Clara County Blossom Festival.

The site is the Fay-Kuhn tract where the festivals of 1928 and 1929 were held. This tract is at the intersection of the Los Gatos Road and Fruitvale avenue about one mile southeast of the Saratoga Village center.

Arrangements have been made for the installation of an amplifier which will permit the music and speaking to be heard from any part of the grounds.

An attractive program has been prepared.

Hon. James D. Phelan, former United States Senator, Saratoga's distinguished citizen, will deliver an address. The musical program will be presented by an orchestra of fifty players under the direction of Prof. George T. Matthews. Mr. Charles Bulotti, tenor, of San Francisco, will appear in two numbers accompanied by the orchestra.

Mrs. Vivian Amat Johnston will direct an original interpretative dance entitled "The Mag's Flute" and enlisting the efforts of over one hundred young ladies and misses of Santa Clara County.

## New Agent For Mexican Railway

The traffic department of the National Railways of Mexico and Operated Lines announces that Mr. F. Alatorre is appointed commercial agent of these railways, with headquarters at 815 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, California, in charge of solicitation and development of freight, passenger, and express traffic in Southern California, Arizona and Lower California, reporting to F. N. Puente, general agent.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hancock were down from San Francisco Sunday for the day with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rubell.

# YOU HAVE A DOCTOR'S WORD FOR THIS LAXATIVE



In 1875, an earnest young man began to practice medicine. As a family doctor, he saw the harm in harsh purgatives for constipation and began to search for something harmless to the sensitive bowels. Out of his experience was born a famous prescription. He wrote it thousands of times. It proved an ideal laxative for old and young. As people saw how marvelously the most sluggish bowels are started and bad breath, headaches, feverishness, nausea, gas, poor appetite, and such disorders, are relieved by the prescription, it became necessary to put it up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It never varies from Dr. Caldwell's original effective and harmless formula. All drugstores have it.

## Passport for a Puppy

When I was leaving Batum, Russia, several months ago, the Soviets forced a Spanish traveler, who had a week-old puppy, to get a Russian passport for it with a picture of the puppy and his paw prints thereon. If that isn't guarding your frontiers with a vengeance I don't know what is.—From a Traveler's Letter to the Milwaukee Journal.

**Insures Your Complexion**

Some Women Are Always Admired

You too want to be lovely and admired. You can have a radiant complexion and the charm of youth if you use MARCELLE Face Powder. MARCELLE Face Powder quickly matches your complexion and brings out the sweet charm that every woman has. MARCELLE Face Powder makes your skin feel younger and you look younger. Then people will admire you and say—"What lovely skin you have!" Popular size packages at 25c and 50c, all shades—at all dealers. Send for free liberal sample and complexion chart. MARCELLE LABORATORIES, C. W. GEORGE SONS & CO., Chicago, Illinois. Beautifying the American Women for Half a Century.

**Marcelle**  
Complexion Requisites

## Stretching Them

Seven-year-old Freddie had just tried on a new pair of trousers. As all boys are, he was anxious to keep them on for the rest of the afternoon and evening. He thought for a while and finally said to his mother: "Mamma, can't I keep 'em on to-night and stretch 'em so they will feel good tomorrow?"

Children think papa was always serious and dignified as they now see him.



## After Nervous Breakdown

"I had a nervous breakdown and could not do the work I have to do around the house. Through one of your booklets I found how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped other women and I went to the drug store and got me six bottles. It has done me good in more ways than one and now I work every day without having to lie down. I will answer all letters with pleasure."—Hannah M. Everymeyer, 707 N-16 Street, East St. Louis, Illinois.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**



## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Sure, ma'am." Again a complexity of passions tormented Fellowes. He wanted to be kind. He wanted to be cruel. He wanted to help. He wanted to hurt. The sweat stood in beads on his forehead, clammy as the sea mist that dripped from the spars. If he might take her in his arms, and comfort her! But no, cruelty would be more kind. "If I sink the Badger, I do a service for my country. If I happen to kill Captain Collishawe"—he made a pretense at a shrug—"why, I shall remove a dangerous enemy of my country—and the man who flogged me."

She regarded him with that small, mournful look, her lips curved in pity. "And I have done this to you!" she said. "I should remember. But each time it hurts the same. I am so sorry, so very sorry! I've turned love into hate, and ruined two men's lives. Ah, and brought my father to the gallows! Isn't that sufficient? Oh, well, then, we'll go below. Anywhere! What does it matter? A few hours, a few days, a few months!"

Her father led her away, mumbling fustily, and Fellowes hurried forward to inspect Noggle's drag—anything to occupy him, to add him to forget her. She was in love with Collishawe, of course. The letter—everything—her words, her humors, her palpable anxiety—proved it. D— the Britisher, he must have swept her off her feet! But when? Before—that night? Or after?

He turned to Cuffee, his brain working simultaneously along parallel lines, to caution the negro to reduce his powder charges when the brig lost headway.

"I don't want to reach him yet. No use in telling him we have a twenty-four-pounder. Just tickle him up, Cuffee. Keep him hot after us."

And Cuffee laughed uproariously. "Yah, yah, yah, Mars'r Fellowes! Dat big fun. Oh, we fool him Collishawe plenty too much."

Back on the poop straining anxiously through the mist, Fellowes recalled that last night on the True Bounty, a swish of skirts, a warm, pliant body pressed to his, the touch of soft lips.

## CHAPTER XII

### Battle.

LONG before evening the two vessels were visible to each other, the Centurion blocked clearly against the fading light in the east, the Badger a blurred tower of canvas in the radiance of the sunset.

The Badger gained slowly on the Centurion, and under cover of darkness the privateer cut herself free of the drag, shortening sail to maintain her position just out of range of Collishawe's twelve-pounders. The men off watch were sent to their hammocks, and those on duty hidden to lie down beside the guns. Fellowes, himself, endeavored to set an example by curbing his excitement, and toward midnight snatched a nap in one of the wardroom bunks.

An hour before sunrise Fellowes was awakened by a messenger from Breed who had the watch. He came on deck to find the crew astir, the galley smoking busily. Cuffee was crooning over the Big Serpent, removing yesterday's powder stains from its shiny barrel with a rag and polish.

Fellowes' first thought was to see to the feeding of his men. They were to have a hot meal and a special issue of grog. "And don't forget the prisoners, Mr. Breed. We may be hours at this job. Give them the same meal as the crew, and then stew them in the cable-tiers." Himself, he attended O'Shaughnessy to the cockpit. Cara opened the door in response to his knock.

"I am loath to disturb you, ma'am," he said; "but the doctor will be requiring his quarters soon, and I'd place you out of reach of shot."

She regarded him with the same pitying expression which had irked him the day before.

"Thank you," she answered quietly, "but if we may, sir, we'll stay here. Doctor O'Shaughnessy will require assistance."

"But you don't realize! Round-shot wounds are hideous. And grape!"

"I'd rather see the worst things than crouch below and imagine them. And I'm not one to faint and stew, Captain Fellowes."

"There's Mr. Inglepin," Fellowes suggested, "and your attendant?"

"I may be a fool," then Inglepin retorted tartly, "but I can wind a bandage or hold a basin—and I prefer anything to the darkness and stench of the orlop, which, I suppose, is where you'd put us."

"Tis safe, at least," asserted Fellowes, puzzled.

"Why, sir, if we must believe you, we are by no means safe, wherever we are."

Fellowes looked at the duenna, dark, fat, immutable, jetty eyes squinting from the folds of her mantilla.

Cara said quickly: "The senora can help, too. She will be much better for having something to do. Come, sir, do not sentence us to the hold! You wounded will be more comfortable for what assistance we can render." She appealed to O'Shaughnessy. "You'll confirm me, won't you doctor?"

The Irishman supported her gallantly. "Tis short-handed we are, captain, and with none but the stewards for dressers I'll be in a bad way."

It was a good argument. Fellowes admitted to himself. He owed his men every chance for life, and three extra helpers might turn the scale for the poor devils, whose bodies were maimed by the Badger's carronades.

"Very well," he agreed, "if you are certain 'twill not distress you. Once we are in action, you must remain here."

"You speak of being in action, Captain," the girl exclaimed. "How soon—will it be?"

"Within the hour," he answered curtly, and withdrew.

Ascending to the deck, he rehearsed in his memory the fearful expectation mirrored in her face. She knew what he planned for Collishawe, and dreaded it. Well, he'd give her ample to weep over. When he'd finished with the Englishman—

The Centurion, at Fellowes' direction, wore handsomely, and stood northeast-by-north on the la'b'd tack. The Badger, apprehending the maneuver, indicated the Yankee brig intended to come to close quarters, commenced to take in her mains'l and clew up her after canvas.

Fellowes studied their progress, as the interval of blue water diminished with the persistent attempt of the Badger to point up higher than the Centurion, and when he thought the range was right for the twenty-four-pounder he hailed Cuffee!

"Ahoy, gunner! We'll try the Long Tom."

Cuffee's first shot skipped the waves in front of the sloop-of-war's bow. The next ricocheted over the enemy, but the third was a clean hit forward of amidships, and the Centurion's company raised a lusty cheer. Collishawe, undaunted, vowed to bring his chasers to bear, the twelve-pounder shot splashing up the water perhaps a quarter of a mile short of the target.

Cuffee fired a fourth time, and scored a hit in the waist.

"Come, come, lad, 'tis a spar I want," Fellowes called impatiently.

The next shot was an over, clean betwixt main and mizzenmasts, and Collishawe, apparently appreciating the weight of metal against him, came about once more, and stood down before the wind, how, in an effort to close, so that his heavy broadside batteries could come into play. But Fellowes was alert.

"Steady ah!" the order came from the speaking trumpet. "Rake him, Cuffee. Mr. Spencer, hold your fire until I bid you loose."

Working with frenzied speed, Cuffee had the Long Tom loaded and fired almost before Fellowes had finished speaking. The shot struck the Badger on a level with the cat-heads. A second shot drilled the hull under the starboard fore-chains, tossing a shower of splinters in air.

"Now, then, Mr. Spencer," Fellowes hailed the first lieutenant. "Ald the la'b'd twelve-pounders roared as one. All but two or three missed, but Fellowes was sure one shot had whistled through the foretrays and a second hit the hull. He was satisfied.

"We'll go about Mr. Noggle," he bade the sailing master. "On the starboard tack."

It was time. As the Centurion wore, the Badger's chase guns flung their shot into the privateer's bulwarks with telling effect. When the confusion had abated Fellowes saw one man dead on his deck, and two others wounded. The Badger had teeth, and knew how to use them.

"Carry those men below," he ordered. "Bosin, where are your sand buckets?"

The Badger pegged away with her chasers, but the Centurion ran out of range quite easily and wore ship to give the Long Tom another chance. And an exultant yell greeted Cuffee's next performance—the main topmast of the sloop-of-war tumbled slowly from the fidds in a sprawling litter of spars and canvas. Momentarily helpless, the Badger flung up into the wind, and Fellowes swooped nearer for the benefit of his twelve-pounders. The broadsides roared as fast as the gun crews could swab, load and fire.

But Collishawe was a seaman. Before the privateer could smash another stick, he had the wreckage cleared from his deck, and the Badger manageable—and Fellowes must sheer off to avoid those hard-battering carronades that would rend the brig to matchwood at close quarters.

A half-dozen more shots from the

Long Tom, and the Badger's foremast, probably weakened by the hit in the chains, went overside in a clutter that dragged the sloop-of-war down by the head. Fellowes stood on, making use of the predicament to gain a position astern of her, but by some incredible effort, Collishawe was able to run both his long twelves aft, and in the face of a scorching fire from the Centurion's starboard battery, actually succeeded in shooting away the brig's fore-topmast, blanketing the Big Serpent, killing one of Cuffee's gun crew and drowning a pair of Sopher's marines.

Fellowes, coolly determined to take no unnecessary risks, promptly retired out of range, cleared the wreckage from his fo'c'sle, and again ordered Cuffee to resume sharp shooting. The negro had warned to his work, and the Long Tom hurled its shot into the crippled sloop-of-war with appalling regularity.

Fellowes called to Cuffee: "Take your time, gunner; but I want you to knock over another stick."

Cuffee's response was a clean hit in the Badger's mizzenmast, which broke midway to the top, and swamped the whole waist with its debris. The sloop-of-war broached to, all but helpless, while the Centurion headed across her bows, broadside batteries flaming as she tacked back and forth, back and forth, the Long Tom adding its resonant voice to the sharper de-tonations of the twelve-pounders. The smoke was banked so densely



The Centurion Wore Handsomely.

around the privateer that the enemy was practically invisible; but an answering broadside roared from the sloop-of-war, and the Centurion quivered under the impact of the carronades' eighteen-pounder shot.

"Starboard your helm, Mr. Noggle," hailed Fellowes. "He's swung his head around."

Two more broadsides smote the privateer in the interval required to tack out of the danger zone, and when she recovered her raking position the Badger continued to fall her with several heavy guns that could be aimed forward. A lucky shot dismounted a twelve-pounder and puddles of blood soaked the sand and the powder boys had sprinkled across the deck. But one by one the Badger's guns ceased firing, as her hull was racked from end to end by the relentless broadsides of the Yankee brig and presently the Centurion hauled out of the smoke bank to survey the situation, the Long Tom alone hammering away at the unfortunate Britisher.

The Badger was a dreadful sight, her remaining sails split and tattered, her rigging awry, her upper works largely demolished, and she looked to be somewhat down by the head. But the White Ensign floated at the jagged peak of her mizzen, apparently nailed there. At intervals in the riven belt of her bulwarks grinned the muzzles of cannon and one of her chase guns that had been hauled aft belched defiance of the privateer—"We're not licked yet," it growled.

Fellowes examined his own ship, received lusty reports from his officers. Five men wounded, three killed. No damage worth mentioning aloft, except for the fore-topmast. The hull sound the well dry.

"Well heard," he decided, and a murmur of assent expressed his hearers' opinion. "Mr. Noggle, I'm turning over the ship to you. I shall be on the fo'c'sle with the marines. Mr. Spencer, you'll remain aboard, and fight the batteries, if necessary. Mr. Breed, I'll have you take the starboard watch after the marines. That will be all, gentlemen."

Fellowes clung to a forestay, atop of the Centurion's bulwarks, peering into the furry smokeclouds that swirled and trembled to the throbbing cadence of cannon and musketry. Behind him the fo'c'sle was crisscrossed with men. Tom Grogan, heaving an ax in a knotty fist, crouched at his captain's feet. "Can ye see her, messmate?" he croaked anxiously, barriers of rank forgotten.

"Not yet—Ah, there's her main truck!"

A wild cheer announced that others had seen it, too. The Long Tom thundered brazenly, the la'b'd battery boomed by divisions, and the concussion blew the smoke upward to expose the Badger's hull, rolling sluggishly like a wounded whale, half a cable's length distant.

"Hard over, Mr. Noggle," Fellowes hailed the sailing master. "Ready, you grapnel men!"

The privateer slid easily around the sloop-of-war's bow, poking her bowsprit into the tattered boarding nettings aft of the forechains.

Grapnels jangled across the narrow belt of water, and slowly, very slowly, the two vessels ground together, broadside guns muzzle to muzzle, gun crews stabbing at each other through the ports, smallarms rattling in a savage crescendo.

From his perch Fellowes looked down upon the Badger's shattered deck. Scores of hostile faces scowled up at him. His eyes coolly scrutinized the Britishers for his enemy's face. And misgiving stirred in him, for Collishawe was nowhere visible. Curry, the first lieutenant, and a midshipman were the only officers in sight. The Badger was a shambles, although her crews were still unbeaten, surging forward to meet the Americans when Fellowes jumped among them.

Cuffee had lingered for one more shot with the Long Tom, and leaped from the hot breach of the piece to the brig's bulwarks, yelling his war cry. A second leap carried him over the heads of the boarders, fighting to widen their foothold on the Badger's fo'c'sle, and into the midst of the enemy, who, for the first time, recoiled from the negro's cutlass and terrible, scarred face—"Grogan's nigger!" "Gawd, ere's Cuffee!" The old superstitions were aroused—"He'll tear ye wiv his teeth!" "A man-eater, lads!"

The resistance commenced to weaken. Still as numerous as the boarders, the Badger's crew suffered mainly from their dearth of officers, which became an absolute lack after Joe Donk had bayoneted Mr. Curry and Tom had disposed of the lone surviving midshipman. Where was Collishawe? Fellowes asked himself again. The Britishers would have been leaderless, if it hadn't been for Mr. Bob Clinch. The bosun was indefatigable, wielding a gory boarding pike, shouting hoarse admonitions to his followers.

But one man's steadfastness couldn't overcome the driving power of a crew who knew they were victorious, plus the superstitious fear engendered by Cuffee. Clinch, himself, realized this latter factor, and bravely sought the negro in personal combat—vastly to Cuffee's delight.

"Yan-a-naah, Bob!" Cuffee goin' cut yo' nose fo' eat."

"No nigger deserter can stand up to me," growled Bob, thrusting desperately. "Ere's daylight in ye."

But Cuffee parried the pike with a single blow of his left arm, and raked his cutlass-point down the unscarred side of the bosun's face. Poor Clinch, blinded by the flow of blood, staggered and would have fallen if Tom Grogan hadn't caught him.

The capture of Clinch disheartened the Britishers. They had kept together forward of the mainmast, close ranks fairly impenetrable; but now, as Cuffee whirled into them, hacking and hewing, parrying strokes with his bare hand, filed teeth gleaming ferociously in the shiny black mask of his face, a score of Americans wedding after him, they developed a tendency to scatter into isolated groups, which surrendered as rapidly as they were surrounded. Fellowes was leading an attack upon one of these groups when a pistol cracked behind it, and the ghost of a quarter-deck voice peated languidly above the click-clack of steel:

"I'll shoot every man who tries to touch that flag!"

The startled bluejackets dodged right and left, flinging their weapons from them, and there, propped against the break of the poop, lay Collishawe, his eyes blazing in a face drained of all color, his body, from the waist down, a bundle of soggy bandages. Near by sprawled one of his sailors, dead, the smoking pistol in his hand telling its own story. While the Americans watched, he dropped the weapon, and selected another from a row convenient to his grasp, cocking it and shaking the priming in the pan as carelessly as though not an enemy was in sight.

Fellowes was embarrassed, uncertain how to act, misliking the idea of violence against a wounded foe. But Cuffee was not so compassionate. The negro stole aft along the port bulwarks, and threw an empty waterbucket which brushed the pistol from Collishawe's hand, and then, before the Englishman could replace it, kicked the remaining weapons out of reach.

Collishawe had been wrenched around by the blow, and a trickle of blood began to seep from his bandages; but not a muscle twitched in his face, and his own indication of feeling was a curious glance at Fellowes. The Long Islander was more at a loss than ever. He had obtained his supreme objective. Here, before him, lay the man who had flogged him, wounded, defeated, at his mercy. The Badger was his. He had humiliated Collishawe as much as he had dreamed of doing. And the words that came to his lips were consoling!

"Sorry you're wounded. What can we do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," answered Collishawe. "I'm done for."

"Oh, no! My surgeon—"

"Have him spend his spare time with my men who need it." The Englishman's tone was inflexible, but Fellowes began to detect a slightly hesitant quality in it, a hidden weakness. "Our Scotchman was bowled out."

"But won't you let me have a look?"

"No use. My legs are pulp. One of your d—n twenty-four-pounder shot."

Fellowes looked away uncomfortably. He hadn't envisaged this ending to his quest. Suddenly he heard Collishawe speaking again. "I say, you're a stickler. That was a well-fought action. Used your head. Did you, by any chance, plan that battery for me?"

Fellowes nodded. Collishawe frowned, plucking at the bandages around his thighs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Denver Mother Tells Story

Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.



See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation, give them a little California Fig Syrup. It regulates the bowels and stomach and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act as Nature intends them to. It helps build up and strengthen pale, listless, underweight children. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it's purely vegetable, so you can give it as often as your child's appetite lags or he seems feverish, cross or fretful.

Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it. A Western mother, Mrs. R. W. Stewart, 4112 Raritan St., Denver, Colorado, says: "Raymond was terribly pulled down by constipation. He got weak, fretful and cross, had no appetite or energy and food seemed to sour in his stomach. California Fig Syrup had him romping and playing again in just a few days, and soon he was back to normal weight, looking better than he had looked in months."

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.

## For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

## Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

## "First Aid—Home Remedy Week" Coming

The Good Samaritan is pictured as "The First First Aid" in the national reminder which has been sent to druggists all over America, announcing the 9th anniversary of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," fixed for March 16-23. The idea of an advertising-merchandising one-a-year drive timed with spring house cleaning was given to the drug world by Sterling Products, Incorporated, in 1922. Preparedness for meeting accident or sudden illness is emphasized as a sensible and seasonable sales plan which serves to alleviate needless suffering and undoubtedly save life.

The National Association of Retail Druggists sponsored this ad-sales plan and later added Pharmacy Week as an autumn festival for intensive advertising and salesmanship in the drug world.

The National Wholesale Druggists Association and the National Association of Drug Clerks have joined the N. A. R. D. in establishing these festivals of selling as Spring and Autumn fixtures for the welfare of humanity.

"Fill That Medicine Chest Now" is the slogan of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," and has been from the beginning. It was Dr. William E. Weiss, himself a graduate from the ranks of retail druggists, who first saw the value of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," and wherever live-wire druggists have co-operated by showing a window filled with suggestive first aids for both accident or illness, and using their home newspaper advertising space, they have added cheerfully to their March business.

The most thoroughly wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed.—Chamfort.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Temptations, like misfortunes, are sent to test our moral strength.—Marguerite de Valois.

## Girls, be Attractive to Men

Nature Intended You Should Be!

If your stomach and bowels do not function properly, the bloom of youth rapidly disappears.

Medical Discovery usually meets the need. It invigorates the whole system, corrects the irregularities of the digestive organs and makes the blood redder. You have pep, vigor and vitality. Your eyes sparkle—their complexion clears up and the bloom of youth is yours. All druggists.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for confidential medical advice. There is no fee.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Rule

## Rollins College Has a Class in "Evil"



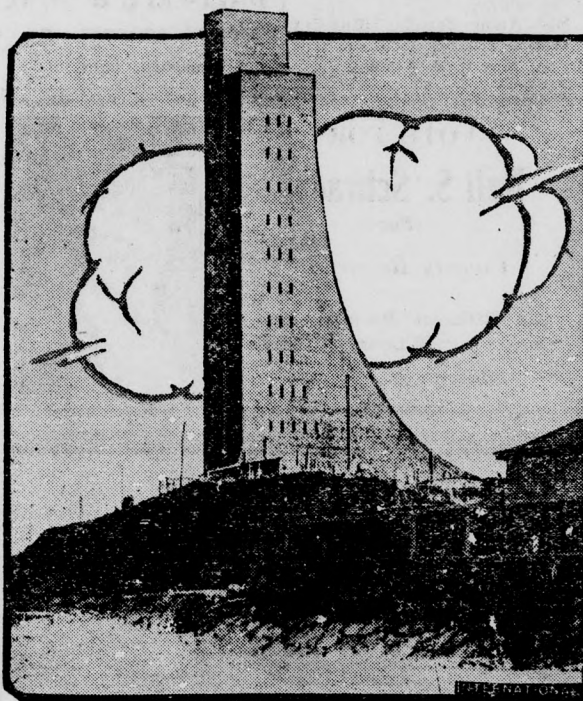
Corra Harris, the author (left center), as the first "professor of evil," at Rollins college, Winter Park, Fla., teaches the subject to a selected group of advanced students. "The study of 'evil' may seem impractical," says Mrs. Harris, "but the practice of 'evil' is far more impractical."

## Eleven Dead and Scores Injured in This Wreck



General view of wrecked passenger coaches in which 11 died and 118 were injured when a motorist failed to "make" the crossing ahead of a fast electric train near Kenosha, Wis. Two trains were hurled into an eight-foot ditch.

## To German Sailors Killed in World War



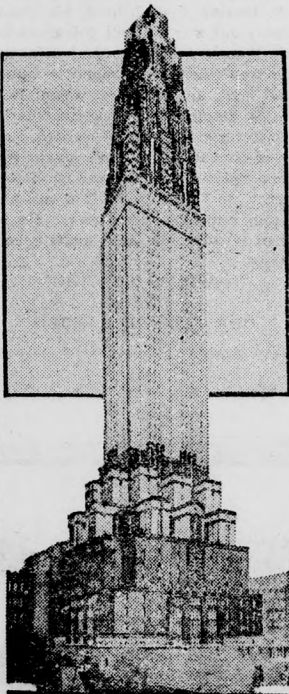
This new monument at Kiel, rising to a height of 250 feet, is a memorial to the German sailors who fell during the World war. The designer has combined rigid straight lines with a graceful sweeping curve to achieve a modernistic effect.

## Soviet Russia Wars on Religion



In its determined effort to stamp out religion in Russia, the Soviet Union, beside tearing down the churches or converting them into recreation centers, has staged a series of demonstrations and exhibitions in which the church has been the center of derision and burlesque. This photograph shows printing workers burlesquing the Holy Trinity.

## SKYSCRAPER IN COLOR



Architects' drawing of the proposed Fashion building to be erected on or near Fifth avenue in New York city. It will be of polished terra cotta blocks of various colors and will be the first skyscraper in full color.

## SLEEPY CHAMPION



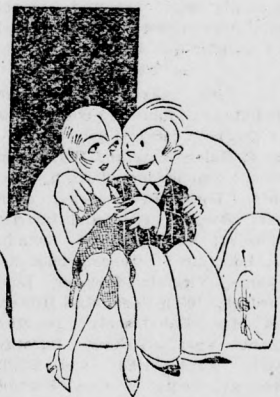
Kenneth Dougherty, national decathlon champion, as he limbered up to be in fit condition to defend his title in coming meets. Under the banner of the Cadillac Athletic club of Detroit, Mich., he won the A. A. U. title at Denver stadium last summer. Dougherty is said to be the only athlete who actually goes to sleep after each event as a means of conserving his strength.

## WHAT THEY SAY



"I understand poker is quite a scientific game."  
"It is, dear, if you win, but if you lose, it's just luck."

## PETTING FOR TWO



She—Do you think petting is bad for one?  
He—Maybe—but it's great for two.

## DEEPLY RED



"Is she a deeply read girl?"  
"Well, yes, on her lips and cheeks."

## THE CULPRIT



"I had my pockets picked last night."  
"Why, I didn't know you were living with your wife again."

## LUCKY AT THAT

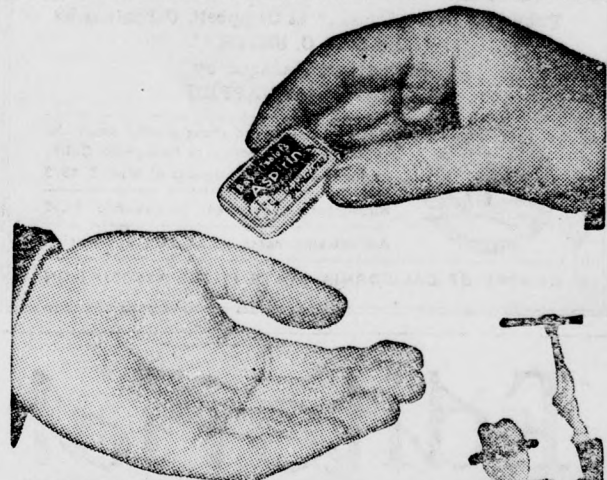


He—I have never gotten what I deserve.  
She—No, I'm sure you haven't, but don't you think you're lucky at that?

## MUST BE A GIRL



Visitor—How do you know, Willie, that the new baby is a girl?  
Willie—Ain't they powdering it all the time?



## Needless Pain!

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain.

Lots of suffering is, indeed, quite needless.

Headaches, for example. They come without warning, but one can always be prepared. Bayer Aspirin tablets bring immediate relief. Keep a bottle at the office. Carry the small tin in your pocket. Then you won't have to hunt a drugstore, or wait till you get home.

And don't think Bayer Aspirin is only good for headaches, sore throats, and colds! Read the proven directions for relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic, and other aches and pains. Remembering, of course, that the quick comfort from these tablets is not a cure; for any continued pain, see a doctor.

Bayer Aspirin is genuine. Protect yourself by looking for that name. Always the same. Always safe. Never hurts the heart.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosodiumsalicylate of Salicylicacid

Verbal Demonstration  
Teacher—Tommy, what is the fu  
ure of "I give?"  
Tommy—You take!

Thinks Life Needs Spice  
It's awfully hard for a man to get  
any fun out of being a model citizen.—  
Chicago News.

## For any BABY

We can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow.

### Quebec Acts to End Disease

The province of Quebec is now placing in foster homes in the country children from three to ten or twelve years of age, themselves free from tuberculosis but exposed in their own homes to one or more active cases of the disease. This plan is said to have been used in France with excellent results during the last thirty years, and to a certain extent in England and Scotland.—United States Children's Bureau.

Cole's Carbolicase Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars, 30c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill., for a package.—Advertisement.

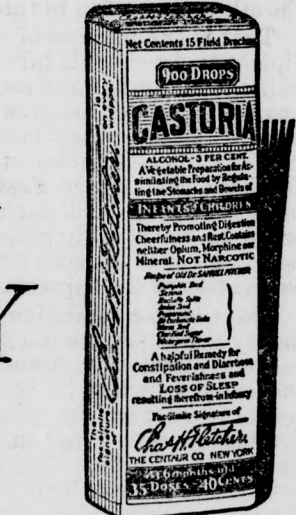
### Take Your Choice

If a man's income is small and he needs money, he is broke. If his income is large and he needs money, he is financially embarrassed.—American Magazine.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

### Giving a Guess

"How does one cook by radio?"  
"I really don't know. I suppose you hook up the receiving set with the fireless cooker."



very promptly; if it doesn't, you should call a physician.

All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother does not change to stronger medicines as the child grows older. Castoria is readily obtained at any drugstore, and the genuine easily identified by the Chas. H. Fletcher signature that appears on every wrapper.

I Am Able to Offer to Some One who has cash a real bargain in 27 acres of land in the town of San Bernardino together with very valuable water right. This land has a frontage of 875 ft. on the river. Would like to sell you about it. Wm. F. Young, 1033 Subway Terminal Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

BOOKING OREGON MARCH PULLETS Less than breeding cost! Nine thousand Inwood Strain White Leghorn. All Roosting 70c each express collect. We furnish coops. Mail deposit with order. Deposit refunded immediately if sold out. BURBANK PULLET FARM 920 Chestnut - Burbank, California.

## HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild, purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like NR for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. At drug stores—only 25c. Make the test tonight. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

## NR TO-NIGHT

"RIGHT DOWNTOWN" HOTEL BRAYTON 50 TURK ST. SAN FRANCISCO. \$1.50 DAILY. FREE CASH. WEEKLY RATES. San Francisco. PRIVATE TOURIST EVERY ROOM. TWENTY SEAT 600T WAGON.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 11-1930

## New life for old leather

Clean, smooth color restored. Scuffs concealed instantly. The lustre of leather revived. 50 wonderful shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

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# Editorial

OUR LARGEST AND BEST INVESTMENT

Taking the whole nation into consideration, it is probable that we spend more money every year for education than for anything else beyond the necessities of life, food, clothing and shelter. Certainly we spend, as a people, more money on schools and colleges than do the people of any other nation. School communities, ahead of road funds in many. And there is no other cause to which so much money is given by men of wealth who wish to prove their right to accumulated means by their wise disposition of their money.

Henry Ford has recently announced that he plans to spend upward of one hundred million dollars on education. Mr. Ford has a very practical theory, which is that the average boy ought to be taught a trade after he has gone as far in the general schools as his circumstances permit. In the Ford industrial school at Dearborn several hundred boys are constantly passing through courses which turn out the most highly skilled mechanics and junior engineers in the country. Those who have the will and the intelligence to do so go from the Ford school to the great technical universities and become expert engineers; the others never fail to find and hold highly-paid jobs.

That is one purpose of education—to enable its recipient to develop his talents to the best economic advantage to himself and society. Another purpose is to enable him to get the greatest possible enjoyment out of life. The joys which last are those which have their roots in the cultivation of the emotional perceptions. Of these, Mr. George Eastman believes, music is the most enduring. So out of the sixty million dollars which he has already given for educational purposes, nearly all of it has gone for the teaching of music and cultivation of the appreciation of music.

There is no compilation available of the amounts of money which private contributors have given for educational purposes in America. George Washington set the example when he founded and endowed a free school in Alexandria, Va., which is still going. John Smithson, the illegitimate son of an English duke, gave half a million dollars a hundred years ago to establish a great scientific educational institution in America, the Smithsonian Institute of Washington. A hundred or more of Andrew Carnegie's millions went into educational funds, not counting the libraries which he founded, themselves educational institutions. John D. Rockefeller is estimated to have given away more than seven hundred and fifty millions, nearly all of it for education.

The only cure for the troubles of humanity is education. It is the slow but sure method of changing human nature. No revolution, no legislation, no "reform" movement, ever gave humanity a new outlook on life. The rightsort of education cando that—in time. It is worth all it costs.

## THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

The story is being told of a lazy young man who got a job on an English railroad. He started "at the bottom" but didn't like the hard work. He asked the management for a "thinking job" and was told that if he would think of one idea a year which would save the company money they would give a salary proportioned to what he saved them. After a week he came back with his first great idea. He had noticed that all the rolling stock of the road bore the initials of the Great Western railway in gilt letters. Anybody could tell by looking at them, he said, that they belonged to a railway, so why paint on the unnecessary "R"? The company officials, whose head is an American, by the way, had an estimate made and found they could save \$35,000 a year by using "G.W." instead of "G.W.R." So the lazy young man's salary is \$3,000 a year.

A famous economist once calculated an added inch of shirt tail of every inhabitant of China would make some millions of profit annually for the Manchester cotton mills. A boy in the stationery stock room of a big manufacturing concern worked out a plan for reducing all printed forms to a few standard sizes and grades of paper and saved the company \$25,000 a year. When the first Ford car to cross the Rocky mountains under its own power came back to the factory, Mr. Ford noticed that one bolt was missing. He learned that it had been lost east of Denver. "We don't need it then," he said. The car design was changed to omit the unnecessary bolt, costing four or five cents to make and install. The saving on the next 12 million model T's was more than half a million

dollars. Sometimes it pays to spend money liberally. It always pays to cut off unnecessary expense.

Dan Yeager says one reason some folks would rather listen to a poor radio program than a piece of good music on the phonograph is that they're too lazy to change the records.

Somebody has discovered a region in West Virginia with 30,000 people and not a single telephone. Just the place we've been looking for. Sounds as if a man could do a day's work there without being interrupted by people calling wrong numbers.

## Campbell Union High School Notes

The High Freshman class of Campbell, with Miss Thomas as class advisor, is sponsoring a party to be held Friday evening, March 21. Parents are urged to attend.

—CUHS—

Shirley Eddlemon is reported to be slowly improving, and her absence from school will be extended to a greater length.

—CUHS—

The Girls' League president has appointed the following committees for the new term. Business managers: Helen Buck and Wylda Anderson; yell leaders, Dorothy Burton and Esther Beer; athletic managers, Dorothy Todd and Harriet Johnston; entertainment committee, Lorraine Vibisi, chairman, assistants, Virginia Tressler, Lulu Murdock, Helen Reed, Miss Howes, and Mrs. Rae; social, Dorothy Bauer, Vera Nickols, Dorothy Clarke, Vera Flindt, and Edith Keessling; social service, Harriet Johansson, Esther Nelson, Harriet Johnston, Marie Klichan, and Chiyoye Kiraski.

Mrs. Rae and Miss Howes will advise all these committees.

—CUHS—

The agriculture classes from schools of the Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, and San Benito counties will hold a meeting at Hollister on March 22. Campbell High school is sending farm mechanics and stock judging teams. There are also to be tree-judging teams sent by some of the schools, but due to other activities and the beginning of spring farm work, which keeps the boys home on Saturday, Campbell will not be able to send a team. This meeting at Hollister is preliminary to the semi-final which will be held soon at San Jose and the finals at San Luis Obispo at a still later date. The Campbell teams so far have done exceptionally fine work in all other meets in judging.

—CUHS—

### A PERFECT DAY

Everybody is busy in spite of the warmth, for this is to be picnic day. Spot is looking for a place in which to lie down because Father has taken his usual place, under the oak tree, where he is washing

the machine. Mother is trying her best to straighten "Sonny's" tie and watch the clock for the time to take her cake from the oven. She is not succeeding very well for an odor of something burning fills the room. Mother rushes to the oven and pulls out a smoking cake. She busies herself for the next ten minutes scraping the burnt parts off. When that is done she tells sister to frost it, while she gets ready. As she starts to "pretty" herself, she finds "Sonny" trying his best to scrap all the dough there is left in the cake dish, getting more on his little new suit than into his mouth.

Just then Daddy comes in and announces that the car is ready and tells Mother to hurry or they will be late. Mother says it will take her only a minute to dress. Father soon finds out differently, because they have been sitting in the car about fifteen anxious minutes before Mother comes. But she is scarcely seated when she discovers they have forgotten the lunch. She goes back for it and wonders why somebody else can't remember something once in a while. She begins saying that to Father but he pays no attention. He is busy trying to get the machine started. It just won't go. Father can't figure out what is wrong. As he gets out, Spot is in the way and receives a kick that sends him yelping to the porch. Father looks over the engine. Nothing seems to be wrong. He pauses to consider. He suddenly remembers he had drained the gas tank and forgotten to fill it again.

After filling the tank the whole family is ready to start. They drive off, leaving Spot behind. He can't figure out why he isn't going along. He then lies down under his favorite tree where the ground is damp and cool, and attempts sleep. But he is disturbed by the neighbor's rooster getting into the garden, and goes to chase the fowl away. He then notices that the cat is on the porch, so he takes the law into his hands and chases her away. He is then ready for his undisturbed sleep.

—WILLIS NOETHIG, '30.

—CUHS—

### OUR FLOWER GARDEN

Our garden resembles a flower book. Where blooming flowers fill every nook.

First of all, come the gay winter flowers.  
Bursting forth from dark damp bowers.  
There are snowdrops with bells of snowy white,  
That tinkle in fancy throughout the night.  
Dainty daffodils of brightest hues,  
And crocuses that vary from pinks to blues.

During the long, warm summer days  
Different flowers show their charming arrays,  
The honeysuckle twists around and around,  
To fences, it climbs, from the lowly ground.

Along the path the coral bells tinkle  
After a cool, refreshing sprinkle.  
The stubby stocks make a border bright,  
And through the day, make a colorful sight.

The hollyhocks with long, thin stems,  
When filled with dew, resemble gems.  
On the ground the lovely rose moss creeps  
And into each bud a busy bee peeps.

Instead of having a large green hedge,  
Three tones of verbenas trim the edge.  
Of all the wonderful things to see,  
A garden excels them all, to me.

—DOROTHY TODD, '31.

—CUHS—

### REVIVAL

Rain, rain, rain.  
Morning, noon, and night.  
Will it never cease  
Pouring from that height.  
Rain, rain, rain,  
Friendly, pure and clean  
Crystal drops so light  
Make all nature green.

—VIOLA BLYTHER, '31.

Mrs. Agnes Benefield entertained at a dinner Monday evening in honor of her nephew, Vernon Miller, who was 21 years old. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Gayno Eddlemon, Fay Winters of San Jose, Clarence Silva and Benny Miller. A very large cake with 21 candles on it was the centerpiece of the table.

Miss Winnie Currell of King City is visiting with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Whitney.



## Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—You are definitely middle-aged if the flappers apparent invitation to pet her only prompts an urge to spank her.

YOU THINK THE MORAL 90'S DEVELOPED BETTER YOUNGSTERS? BUT WHERE IS THE PROFIT IN MAKING NICE BOYS AND GIRLS IF THEY TURN OUT TO BE FOOLISH PARENTS?



...Again we are privileged to quote Mr. Doakus McBethwater, scientist, philosopher, philanthropist, and big game hunter, who says, "If St. Patrick could rid the Emerald Isle of snakes, wouldn't it be fine if he could show up here on earth and do something about the guy who crabs his home town?"

I HAD SUCH BLUE EYES, JUST LIKE THE BLUE SKIES, BUT YOU MADE THEM BLACK, SUNNY BOY.

When a Hollywood widow says goodby to one of her husbands, the song she sings is, "Till We Meet Again."

The superior chap who isn't interested in such trivial things as intelligence tests, has tried one in a crowd.

HERE IS A GOOD TEST. TRY A SET OF THE NEW GOODYEAR BALLOONS AND THEN COMPARE THEM WITH OTHER TIRES OF CORRESPONDING OR GREATER PRICE.

HALIWELL & JONES

OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111

Campbell, California

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For  
**County Recorder**

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Primary, August 26, 1930



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## Campbell Press

# GUNMAN'S BLUFF

By *Edgar Wallace*

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## NINTH INSTALLMENT

"Paddington," he said, and swung himself deftly inside.

Evidently the driver was in some doubt as to whether he should continue. He went about two blocks and then pulled the car up by the side of the curb.

"Where have you come from?" he asked. "I can't take you, gov'nor—you look as if you were running away from somebody."

"I was," said Luke.

It was not a moment to argue. He threw a two-shilling piece into the man's hand, turned down a narrow street conveniently near, and doubling back, reached the main road. Here he found a taxi moving at leisure, and a driver who did not question his bona fides.

The cab drew up at the entrance of Scotland Yard and Luke went swiftly down the declivity and into the gloomy entrance hall. A police officer on duty challenged him and asked his requirements.

"Mr. Bird's been gone for two hours, sir. I think he's gone into the country. Would you like to see anybody else?"

Groaning inwardly he shook his head.

He came out on the Thames embankment at one end of the Yard as Gorton and his flying squad came in at the other. Turning left, he walked toward Waterloo bridge.

At Charing Cross Underground he made another attempt to get in

They did not go up Savoy Hill but turned aside, passed one entrance of the Savoy Hotel and up a steep and narrow street. They turned again to the right.

"Where is Connor?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, when I've got a light for my fat," said the smaller of the two.

He struck a match, and Luke's eyes instinctively went to it. That is all he remembered. He did not feel the pain of any blow, but dropped limply to the pavement under the impact of a rubber cosh.

His head was splitting when he came to his senses. He was lying on the hard floor of a jolting motor car; he discovered afterward it was a tilting Ford wagon that bore innocently enough the name of a respectable firm of greengrocers. The two men were squatting by his side; one was smoking, and they were carrying on a conversation in a low voice.

"... That's what Connor told me," said one. "But then, Connor always thought this nut would put up a squeal."

Luke lay motionless; his head was throbbing, but he felt no other discomfort. Apparently, although he could guess there was a bump as big as an egg on his skull, the blow had not drawn blood.

The car stopped. There was the creak of a gate being opened, and then they went forward again, jolting over uneven ground; presently

stunned him.

He found himself in a room not only furnished but overfurnished.

Connor was sitting at a table shuffling a pack of cards. He looked up as Luke entered the room.

"Did you have to cosh him?" he asked pleasantly.

The man who held Luke's arm grinned.

He wouldn't be sensible," he said.

"Sit down," Connor pointed to a horsehair sofa against the wall, and Luke was glad to accept the invitation. "Tried to put up a squeal, did you, Smith?"

There was nothing unfriendly in Connor's tone, but he did not cease shuffling the cards as he spoke.

"I thought you were a man when you did that bust—yes, one of my laws saw you get into that flat, and saw you when you bolted. But you're nothing better than a dirty squealer. Went in the Yard and asked for the Sparrow, did you? Is he a pal of yours?"

"I know him," said Luke.

Mr. Connor nodded pleasantly.

"And then you tried to get him on the phone—what was the squeal about? Don't trouble to tell me: I know. I never trusted you from the first, Smith—I don't trust Australians."

Despite his aching head, Luke could not but smile at this libel.

"I shouldn't think they trust you a great deal, do they?" he asked.

"Not much," said Connor.

He cut the pack into two, shuffling them scientifically, and all the time his eyes were on Luke.

"So you know the Sparrow? That's good. I'll bet you know Danty, too."

Luke started.

"Danty Morrell?" he asked.

Why had Danty gone out of his mind? Why had he forgotten that Danty was the confidant of his wife—that his one desire, in seeking freedom from the sinister environment in which he found himself had been to expose that confidence man?

"Know Danty, too!" Connor's voice was almost admiring. "And Pi Coles?"

Luke nodded.

"Yes, Coles—that's his servant. Connors smiled broadly, and there were grins on the faces of the other two men.

"Pi is his servant all right. You seem to know the whole darn shoot! I'm telling you, Smith, that a man that knows Danty and the Yewing gang, and calls at Scotland

Yard to see his friend the Sparrow, isn't a healthy fellow to have around the house."

There was a long pause, and then he added:

"That's why you are not going to be around the house."

He looked up at one of the men thoughtfully.

"When is high tide?"

"Four o'clock."

Connor nodded. Again his dark eyes fell on Luke.

"You a good swimmer?"

"Fair," said Luke coolly.

"We'll give you a little dip to-night," said Connor. "Put him in the cooler, Harry."

Connor carried on a legitimate, if unprofitable business. He was a dealer in certain building material, and barges came regularly but at rare intervals to this wharf and were unloaded. He bought and sold scrap, iron, cement, any commodity which offered an immediate profit. The wharf could be, and was, hired for a fee.

A few paces from the door of the sitting room they came to another. Luke could not help wondering whether the little chamber into which he was thrust had been used before for the same purpose. It had no windows, but in other respects was curiously like a prison cell. It might have been employed for the storage of coal, but there was nothing in it now, not even a bed or a stool. In the light of the man's electric torch he saw that the walls were of brick and whitewashed. Then the door slammed on him; he heard a bolt shot, and he was left alone with the unpleasant knowledge that it would be high tide in five hours, and that Mr. Connor, in his amiable way, had planned a "dip" for him.

Margaret found several sheets of notepaper on the floor of Luke's room. She picked up one, read it, and gasped. The date had been scrawled in one the top line, and it began:

My dear Hurlbert, I am in a most terrible—

It was Luke's writing! It was Luke who had been there that night. She found another sheet covered with smudged writing; this also was addressed to the solicitor, but the three scrawled lines were undecipherable. He had deliberately crossed them out. Evidently he had sat down to write a letter to Hurlbert, had made two attempts and then had changed his mind.

It was so like Luke; he could never resist the temptation offered by a sheet of note paper—he must write to someone, he had often told her.

Luke had been here; Luke was the burglar. But why?

She turned to the detective, and it was on the tip of her tongue to

make the revelation when he said something that struck speech from her lips.

"He must have been a pretty bad man, that fellow—one of our men recognized him as the chap who was driving a car this afternoon when Taffanny's was robbed. He gave one of the shop assistants a punch in the jaw—"

"But that's impossible!" she said indignantly. "This man—"

"Ah, you've read about it in the papers—a bearded man. That's right, madam, he's taken his beard off this afternoon. Johnson—that's the officer—saw him driving with a girl around the park."

Again speech died on her lips.

"They got her to-night," said the communicative detective. "Mr. Gorton's pretty certain she'll put up a squeal—I mean to say, she'll tell who her companion was. From all accounts he's a man who's been seen about with her a great deal in the past year or two."

(Continued Next Week.)

Mrs. Thomas Byrnes of Berkeley is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Byrnes this week.

Another piece of property changed hands this week when Julius Bachman purchased the James Kelley property on Everette street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall motored to San Francisco Monday to transact business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Gail and family, accompanied by Mrs. Lottie Sutter were visitors in Livermore Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cooper were visitors at the T. A. Cutting home Sunday.

Miss Alice Dahms, who is a teacher at Crows Landing was visiting with relatives here over the week end.

Miss Helen Griswold, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting with her aunt

## Stitching Club Met With Mrs. McQueen

The Ada Rebekah Stitching club held its regular meeting Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. D. A. McQueen. After a brief business session work edrwatnightzfwgk session work was resumed on the regalia for the officers of the lodge. This work has been going on for several months and will be first used at the next meeting of the lodge.

Refreshments were served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Julius Bachman and the small tables were decorated to honor St. Patrick's day.

The next meeting of the club will be held in the banquet room of the I. O. O. F. hall March 28 and Miss Winnie Grizzle and Mrs. Florence Grizzle will be hostesses.

and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Grizzle and family.

The Friendship Club of the Congregational Church met with Mrs. T. A. Cutting last Wednesday evening. Many members were present and the work at hand was taken care of. A lenten talk was given by Rev. J. H. Bennett.

Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Anderson were recent guests of the Phi Beta Pi dinner dance in San Francisco.

Mrs. Harriet DePuy of San Jose was a week end visitor at the L. M. Beal home.

Miss Melba of Porterville was a recent visitor at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Fred Felman.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Gail and daughters were visitors in San Francisco Thursday.

A most successful "food" sale was given by the "autumn" division of the Guild. Money derived from the sale will be used in their booth at the carnival this fall.



touch with the Sparrow. There was a chance that the policeman was wrong and that Bird was still in town. He went to the telephone directory, but there were so many Birds that it was impossible to tell which was which. And then he remembered one of the initials—an unusual "Z" (Mr. Bird's middle name was Zachariah). He scanned the list again and going to the telephone booth, he gave the number.

At first he thought his luck was in.

"Yes, this is Mr. Bird's house," said a voice, "but he's out of town. Who is it speaking?"

"It is vitally necessary that I should get in touch with him as soon as possible," said Luke urgently. "Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Who are you?"

"Will you tell him it's Mr. Madison speaking? I have been to Scotland Yard . . ."

He felt a sudden draught. The door of the telephone booth was ajar; an unconcerned man was standing nearby, and apparently had no interest either in him or his conversation. Luke shut the door found that whoever had spoken for again, and then, to his annoyance, Mr. Bird had hung up her receiver. Still, that was a start. He almost felt a sense of relief as he came out on to the cold Embankment and pursued his way toward Waterloo.

He had not gone twenty yards before two men, walking quickly, overtook him and fell in one at each side.

"Hullo, Smith! Connor wants to see you."

He had never seen the man before. His tone was offensive and preemptory.

"And who may Mr. Connor be?" asked Luke coolly. "My name is not Smith, it is Maddison."

"That's all right, sir," said the other more respectfully, "but Mr. Connor does want to see you pretty badly."

"Where is he?" asked Luke after a moment's thought.

"At the top of Savoy Hill—there goes the Squad."

A car flashed past at that moment; the red light disappeared along the Embankment.

"They call 'em buses and they are busy," said the second man bitterly.



## How Much Money Do You Want When You Are 65?

In the left hand column, find the amount you want... follow this line over to the column headed by your present age, and there is given the amount you must save every month at four percent interest, compounded semi-annually, to reach your goal.

| Amount You Want at Age 65 | YOUR PRESENT AGE |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |         |
|---------------------------|------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
|                           | 22               | 24     | 26     | 28     | 30     | 32     | 34     | 36     | 38     | 40     | 45      |
| \$5,000                   | \$3.66           | \$4.04 | \$4.46 | \$4.94 | \$5.49 | \$6.11 | \$6.82 | \$7.64 | \$8.60 | \$9.73 | \$13.63 |
| 10,000                    | 7.33             | 8.09   | 8.93   | 9.89   | 10.98  | 12.22  | 13.65  | 15.29  | 17.21  | 19.47  | 27.27   |
| 15,000                    | 11.00            | 12.13  | 13.40  | 14.84  | 16.47  | 18.33  | 20.47  | 22.94  | 25.82  | 29.21  | 40.91   |
| 20,000                    | 14.67            | 16.18  | 17.87  | 19.79  | 21.96  | 24.45  | 27.30  | 30.59  | 34.43  | 38.95  | 54.54   |
| 25,000                    | 18.34            | 20.22  | 22.34  | 24.74  | 27.46  | 30.56  | 34.12  | 38.24  | 43.04  | 48.69  | 68.18   |
| 30,000                    | 22.01            | 24.27  | 26.81  | 29.69  | 32.95  | 36.67  | 40.95  | 45.89  | 51.65  | 58.43  | 81.82   |
| 40,000                    | 29.34            | 32.36  | 35.75  | 39.58  | 43.93  | 48.90  | 54.60  | 61.19  | 68.87  | 77.91  | 109.09  |
| 50,000                    | 36.68            | 40.45  | 44.69  | 49.48  | 54.92  | 61.13  | 68.25  | 76.49  | 86.09  | 97.39  | 136.37  |

Eighty-five percent of all persons sixty-five years of age are dependent upon others for support. The time to provide for an independent future is when one is young and earning ability is unimpaired. The above plan for systematic saving, faithfully pursued, will insure independence. Determine your goal... then start your account today.

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- Custo, A Man's Dessert, 2 Pkgs. .... 15c
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Smoking Tobacco



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**Bosch's Syrup**  
At all druggists

**Due to Loss of Strength?**  
Who recalls when a husky teamster couldn't lift two dollars' worth of potatoes?—*Racine Journal-News.*



## Acidity

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**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

## Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph.D., LL.D.

### Why We Hate Our Enemies

IT IS in our very nature to hate our enemies, impossible to love them! Why is the very cornerstone of Christ's teachings so rarely taken literally? James thinks these "swayed by it might well seem superhuman beings. Their life would be morally discrete from the lives of other men, and there is no saying what the effects might be: they might conceivably transform the world."

They might indeed. As the world is, hate is given freer rein. Recently it reigned; and each half of the world besought the same God to help it kill the other half. We can hate enough to kill, but killing no longer solves problems, nor hating an enemy convert one.

Fear is old stuff, out of date. It should be thrown off with our swaddling clothes. And yet it probably plays a greater part than hope in the daily lives of most men and women. Fears are played upon by all sorts of propagandists for political, social, and religious purposes. Fear of hell-fire is supposed to lead to love of heaven; fear of "ignominious foreigners" to hatred of aliens and so to the closing of the doors. And the only reason this nation could not be led to hate Germany as France did was because we could not be made to feel the fear of Germany as France did.

But for most of us life is only meat and the body raiment. Same reaction system, same environment; stereotyped behavior because our world stands still. And an enormously valuable emotional reservoir of energy, capable of moving mountains and giving all life a joy ride, is expended in hating those we envy and kicking against the pricks or in fleeing in terror from our shadows because we cannot shake them off.

And so it is that an instinctive emotional endowment rooted deep in the body of life and inherent in man and mammals and all living beings that meet dangerous situations which must function as a unit and without warning becomes personal and individual. The organization of that endowment into specific fears and hates and general attitudes favoring negative and positive responses begins the day we are born.

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Some childish things we do put away, and we do forget most of the rag dolls, tin soldiers, and mud pies; but we get our start in childhood for much of our bent and most of our set. We do not put away our nature. Paul was an exception.

We are afraid of the dark, of little green worms, of hundreds of things. And get emotionally excited about them. Some react to a cabbage worm as they would to a wild elephant or to a mouse; and are as nearly scared to death as life lets them. It is no merit of their own that they have not died of fright a thousand times.

We are not born that way. The newborn sets up a fear reaction only to fearful stimuli: the bang of a door, being dropped, a sudden push or pull at its blanket; especially by removing its support. It catches its breath, clutches at anything within reach, crosses its eyes, cries, voids waste.

A rat learns to thread a maze for food; it must pass a trap which always terrifies it. Remove the trap; it jumps as though the trap were present.

The child is afraid of a sudden and loud noise. It hears the thunder, sees the lightning; it learns to be afraid of the lightning. If the flash is blinding, it is afraid of the room. If there is some particular person in the room every time the lightning flashes, the child learns to be afraid of that person, lightning or no lightning.

With a what-not loaded with what not in the parlor and a dresser covered with hand-painted junk in the spare bedroom, and both parlor and bedroom in perpetual gloom, means must be found to keep little Willie out. A short-cut is found in the fact that Willie can be scared. And Willie is scared. By the time he is three, or sooner, he is as big a coward as his mother was when she was three.

We move about in a lighted room with the aid of our eyes. In a dark room we are not distracted by what we see and consequently are more alert to what we feel and hear. We keep meeting with the unexpected—sometimes the sudden—crash of a falling chair, bark of a dog, bump on the forehead. And by the time our fear of the dark has become further conditioned by ghosts and hobgoblins, we are more than afraid of a dark graveyard. And if mother is afraid of strangers and shows it, we are afraid also, because our habit of expectancy of her behavior is dislocated.

So with rage. The baby cannot fight, but by cries, shakings with arms and legs, stiffening of body, flushed face, clenched fists, and held breath, it shows its rage when its nose is pinched, head held, or its body hampered. And it soon acquires the ability to kick and slash and scream. I have seen a boy of two beat his head on the floor in a rage at being denied something. Such early outbursts are signs of the coward and the murderer that are in us! The way these potentialities are trained is the key to character and the clew to most of our attitudes.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

## PRIBILOF ISLANDS



Seals on One of the Pribilof Islands.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

AMERICA'S farthest northwest and Asia's farthest northeast mark the icy region where airplanes of the United States and Soviet Russia have been seeking to find. Ben Eielson who disappeared while trying to carry off by air to a marooned ship. The region in which search was made embraces Bering strait, a portion of the Arctic sea to the north, and Bering sea to the south.

While whaling ships pass through these waters at intervals, much of the region is far from being a frequented one. Less than 300 years ago Bering strait had not been crossed by a boat with a civilized navigator in command, but since then, whalers, Arctic explorers, and adventurers have passed through and across the strait.

About twenty years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, two Russian expeditions sailed along the western bank of Bering strait without seeing the American side. Later a trading station was stationed on the Russian bank, but it was nearly a century later that Alaska was explored from the west.

Turnover were current at the Russian trading station that there was an island in the strait, hidden by the fog that envelops the region, and that American lay to the east. The "island" proved to be two islands now known as Diomedes. Today one of the Diomedes belongs to Russia, the other to the United States; for the international boundary line runs between them. They are inhabited by Eskimos who make their living chiefly as "go between" for American and Russian traders.

### Named for Vitus Bering.

Bering strait and Bering sea take their names from Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator who enlisted in the Russian navy in 1703. Peter the Great ordered him to the east coast of Siberia in 1725. He went overland to Okhotsk and then to Kamchatka, where he built a ship for his explorations. He sailed up the Bering seacoast but America was hidden in the fog. On a subsequent voyage, in 1741, he saw the American continent for the first time. On his way back to Siberia, Bering's ship was wrecked on what is now known as Bering Island in the Commander group. Sailors who reached the mainland carried the story of the fur trade possibilities in Alaska and soon Russian trappers and traders moved to the new continent.

If the international boundary line continued north and south as it does through the strait, half of the Aleutians would belong to Russia. But at the south end of the strait it veers southwestward, missing the western end of the Aleutian chain by about 150 miles.

The Commander Islands form the only group on the Russian side of the line while the United States acquired the St. Lawrence, St. Matthew, Naniwak and the Pribilof Islands when Seward paid Russia \$7,000,000 for the famous "Seward Ice Box," as Alaska was called by the critics of the purchase.

Perhaps the most important and best known of the American islands are the Pribilofs, where the United States bureau of fisheries maintains a sealing station and fox ranch. The Pribilofs consists of five islands, lying in the Bering sea, about 200 miles north of the Aleutian chain. St. Pauls and St. Georges islands, the largest and only ones of the group that are inhabited, are each slightly more than 30 square miles in area. The other three are merely luting rocks with a combined area no larger than a fair-sized eastern farm.

The islands are bleak and desolate. Their barren, volcanic peaks and rocky shores are hostile to vegetation. In the winter they are covered with ice and snow, and whipped by the frigid Arctic gales, while during the summer months, that fog that envelops the whole area is so dense that the sun's rays rarely touch the earth. As a result the climate is uncomfortable, cold and damp. Toward autumn the wind clears the atmosphere and here and there grass and mosses make the best of the short fogless and iceless season. Only a few years ago, the inhabitants of the islands were entirely isolated from the rest of the world for six months of the year, but the radio has changed that condition.

### Seals on the Pribilofs.

When Pribilof, the Russian navigator, whose name the islands bear, landed there in 1781, after three years' search for the breeding grounds of the seals that frequented the north Pacific and

Bering seas waters, he found no human life, but millions of seals. He was followed by Russians and later by natives from the Aleutian Islands. Russians and a few Americans make up the present population, most of whom are connected with the government sealing and fox-raising industries.

While seals are sometimes known as sea bears, their names peculiarly follow those of cattle and dogs, and even human beings. The adult male is called a "bull" and the female, a "cow." Instead of referring either to bears or cattle by calling the baby seals "cubs" or "calves," man calls them "pups." The young males fare better by annexing a name of human origin—bachelors.

The more rocky the shore, the more the seals like it during the breeding seasons, for the harem (seal families) forsake the few smooth spots on the islands and establish their rookeries (breeding places) among the broken rocks along the shore, or on the sides of rocky hills. From the rim the rookeries appear to the eye as collections of black splotches continually moving, while to the ear comes a blend of loud grunts and barks. Each of these splotches represents a harem of 50 or 60 cows and, perhaps, twice as many pups, which are protected by a bull. The bachelors are not allowed to come near the harems but occupy "hauling grounds," on smooth rocks or sandy beaches, outside the family circles. Sometimes a bachelor raids a harem and if successful in his fight with the bull, he takes away a cow or two.

As cold weather approaches, the cows and newborn pups leave the islands and go south, followed shortly afterward by the bulls. They never touch land until their return to the Pribilofs in the spring. The two to three-month-old pups, who have been subsisting on milk and hardly know how to "navigate," are forced to make their own way without assistance from the rest of the family. As a result, it is estimated that 50 per cent of them die before the next season.

### How the Herds Are Protected.

The seal herds of the Pribilofs decreased from between 2,500,000 and 4,000,000 when the islands were taken over by the United States in 1868, to 150,000 in 1911. Although the government placed restrictions on killing them on the islands, the loss was largely due to the killing of cows while they swam about in the water in the summer, perhaps seeking squid and fish at the nearest food source, a hundred miles south, or during the winter while in the Pacific. The death of a cow in the winter means the loss of a pup to be born the following summer, while a similar killing in the summer would perhaps be more disastrous, for the new-born pup left at the rookery would die of starvation and an unborn pup would also be lost. Laws and treaties now protect seals while at sea.

Scientific propagation is showing its favorable effect upon the herds annually. Only surplus males are killed for their pelts. The best furs are taken from seals under five years old. Those that are to be killed are separated from the herd, struck on the head with a large club, and then struck through the heart with a knife. After the killing an expert skinner can remove the pelt of a seal in two or three minutes.

The government also successfully maintains and propagates blue and white foxes on the Pribilofs, which add to the revenue already received from the sealing industry. Nearly 1,000 pelts are shipped to this country annually. Unlike the fox farms on the Aleutian islands where the little animals are inclosed in chicken-wire cages, the Pribilof packs are allowed to run wild. They are the most successful packs in the world.

Most of the pelts of both the seals and foxes are auctioned off in the St. Louis fur market.

Bering sea is 38 times larger than Lake Michigan. The Gulf of Mexico could be swallowed up in its area. If the Bering sea were placed on a map of the United States with its northernmost point at Chicago, the Aleutian islands, which form its southern boundary, would dot the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, without modern navigating instruments, the early explorers steered their frail ships over the vast sea, frequently imperiled by floating ice from the Arctic.

## POULTRY

RAPID GROWTH IN RAISING TURKEYS

Fowls Utilize Areas of Otherwise Profitless Land.

The turkey industry has made a rapid growth in Idaho in recent years, says Fren Moore, extension poultry specialist with the University of Idaho college of agriculture. It has grown since 1922, when turkeys were rather insignificant in volume, until now it has become an important industry in point of volume. The bulk of the original stock was small and of poor quality. There was very little native stock at that time which was suitable for breeding purposes. There were a few breeders in the state who had been importing good breeding stock, but the general average was of inferior quality.

The increased volume soon attracted the large produce dealers, who began bidding for the business. Grades, conforming to those in general use throughout the country, were applied. Not until then did the growers realize the value of breeding to improve the quality of the stock. The few good local breeders were unable to supply the demand for better breeding stock. Breeding stock was imported on a large scale. Some of it was of high quality while much was inferior, but most of it was an improvement over the average of the native stock. Improvement was rapid, which developed a rapidly growing interest in turkey breeding as an enterprise.

Demand for better breeding stock led to a system of accreditation similar to that attaining such success in the poultry business. The popularity of this accreditation work in turkey raising, says Mr. Moore, is apparent from the growing demand for the service.

### Investigate Cod Liver

#### Oil for Laying Fowls

The summary of experiments in England with cod liver oil for laying hens, says:

(1) Fowls not confined in open-fronted houses do not require cod liver oil to prevent adult rickets.

(2) Fowls confined behind ordinary glass require some adequate source of vitamin D.

(3) The cod liver oil mixed to the extent of 2 per cent of the grain feed supplied the vitamin D requirements of the fowls under experiment.

(4) One per cent of medical cod liver oil in the scratch feed may not be sufficient to meet the requirements of layers confined behind window glass. The source of oil used may be a factor.

(5) It is not possible to state if cod liver oil is beneficial to fowls not confined or in open-fronted pens getting a normal ration that includes green food.

### Best Plan to Separate

#### Cockerels and Pullets

It will pay to separate young cockerels from the pullets when eight to ten weeks of age. This will give the pullets a chance for better development and enable the poultryman to force the cockerels for market. Time and labor will be saved by hopper-feeding the grain to the growing chicks after five weeks of age. Put the grain and mash hoppers out on the range and induce a maximum of exercise. This keeps the chicks out in the sunshine for vigor and vitality in the young stock.

### POULTRY HINTS

Winter egg profits will depend largely on the care given pullets.

To get best results, chicks of no breed should be hatched after the first of May.

It is also generally considered better to feed all rations dry rather than wet for turkeys.

If due attention is not paid to the vitamins in the ration, disappointments are in store.

Greenstuff, succulent and fresh, is absolutely necessary for the breeding stock to give good results.

It is almost impossible to do a good job of culling if the farm flock has been improperly fed.

Oyster shell, lime or other lime-bearing material help to supply hens with the calcium they need.

The summer egg production from the early maturing pullets is just as good as from the late maturing pullets.

The late hatched chicks are subjected to many parasites and diseases which the earlier ones escape.

The trap-nest records show that the high producers of the flock are the pullets that lay four or five dozen eggs before March 1.

Frequent culling of the slow-feathering and slow-growing birds during the range period makes the culling job easier when the chickens are housed.

Photoelectric cells have been applied to an egg candling machine. It automatically selects the bad eggs and rejects them as they pass over a belt in front of the cell.

Most of the heavier breeds will give better results if hatched previous to April 1. The chicks not only grow better but the pullets will start laying earlier in the fall.

## tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Cheewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effect when taken in this form. A moderate life, family laxative. Safe and mild.



INSIST ON THE GENUINE  
**Feen-a-mint**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

### Trees That Glow at Night

In order to prevent numerous accidents that have befallen motorists along some of the tree-lined roads of the Rhine region, German officials are painting the trees bordering the highway with a band of phosphorescent paint, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The trees glow at night, and the driver is able to see them far enough away to avoid swerving into them.



## Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes, all druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



### Lucky Grab

John L. Davis, for 20 years mayor of the beautiful California town of Oakland, said on his return from Europe:

"Shopkeepers in Europe are honest, there's no doubt about that; but all the same the average European shopkeeper is typified in this story.

"A little girl walked along a street of shops in a faltering, uncertain way. She had a banknote in her hand. One shopkeeper happened to be standing at his door, and she held the banknote out to him and said: 'Does my mother owe you this?'

"He grabbed the banknote. 'She does,' he said, beaming, 'and—whose little girl are you?'

### Speaking of Operations

A doctor can poke and tinker and thump and nod his head and shake his head and assume a learned expression that might mean either the best or the worst for his victim, but no doctor on earth, not even a high-priced one or one with a goatee, can be as mystifying as a radio repairman.—Life.



## When Rest Is Broken

Health Suffers When Kidney Irregularities Disturb Sleep.

If troubled with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances. Help your kidneys with Doan's Pills. Recommended the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

### 50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

Mrs. Clara Nieder, 606 Engle Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "I had dizzy spells and a persistent backache. I felt so tired that I couldn't do my housework. The kidney secretions were too frequent and broke my rest at night. After taking Doan's Pills I felt fine."

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
A Stimulant Diuretic for the Kidneys



## Linking Town and Country

**I**N ADDITION to serving the needs of our immediate community we should think in terms of our Greater Community. Our City Limits should not be the limit of our sphere of influence. One task we face today—and one of greatest importance—is the forging of a stronger link between town and country.

The first automobile had but a single cylinder. While it served its purpose after a fashion, two decades ago, progress scrapped the one-cylinder car as unsuitable for present day conditions. This is the age of multicylinder automobiles. The community that fails to cultivate actively and constantly widen its sphere of influence by a closer association of town and country has adopted one-cylinder practices in a multicylinder age.

The six cylinders that give the motive power necessary to the development of greater community relations are:

1. The development of business relations—Creation of a desire among our neighbors to seek the necessities, pleasures and conveniences of daily life here.
2. Development of better transportation and communication—Good roads, telephone, railway and bus, mail, radio, newspaper and all other contact mediums.
3. Development of better schools—Seeing that subjects are included in our school courses that meet the needs of the children in our surrounding territory, and that we maintain a high school standing.
4. Development of culture—Through library activities, lecture courses and other means of development.
5. Development of churches—Supplying the Greater Community with greater spiritual riches.
6. Development of general sociability—Increasing neighborliness, providing amusements and facilities for entertaining the Greater Community.

By hitting on all six cylinders our town can double in growth and prosperity through the active cultivation of the Greater Community.

Our growth is not measured by population alone nor prosperity merely in dollars and cents, but by the number and variety of human relationships.

*Fellow citizens, let's each of us strengthen the link welding our Greater Community to*

### CAMPBELL

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE  
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INSURANCE—ALL LINES  
Insure With Hyde—Lay Worry Aside

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"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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"In Business for YOUR Health"  
Battle Creek Health Foods  
Prescription Druggists Service With a Smile  
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CLEANING : DYEING : PRESSING  
Special Attention to Ladies' Fine Garments  
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HARDWARE, PLUMBING, PAINTS AND OILS  
STOVES AND RANGES ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES  
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BERNHARDT'S

CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY  
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT

MEALS AT ALL HOURS  
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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147 North Central Ave. Phone Campbell 167  
Busy Bee Restaurant Agents

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Printing for Particular People Properly Produced  
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Successor to Orchard City Drug Co.  
PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES  
Phone Campbell 39

**DR. W. I. MERRILL**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5  
Office and Residence, Phone  
Campbell 122

**DR. F. R. ANDERSON**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5  
Office: Curry Bldg., Phone 165  
Campbell, Calif.

**DR. C. E. FARMAN**  
Dentist  
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.  
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

**DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT**  
Dentist  
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose  
Phone San Jose 2447

**Masonic Notice**  
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.  
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.  
Robt. Scholz, W. M.  
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

**Independent Order of Odd Fellows**  
Morning Light Lodge  
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.  
Sofjourners are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.  
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand  
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

**ORCHARD CITY GRANGE**  
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master  
Edna F. Keeling, Worthy Secy.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Delilah Ann Duff, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Delilah Ann Duff, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Administratrix at the office of Bohnett, Hill, and Campbell, Rooms 807-812 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 30th day of January, A. D. 1930.

**BLANCHE HOGAN**,  
Administratrix of the Estate of Delilah Ann Duff, Deceased.  
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell,  
Attorneys for said Administratrix

#### NOTICE OF ELECTION FOR HIGH SCHOOL TRUSTEES

**Cambrian**  
Notice is hereby given to the electors of Cambrian Elementary School District of Santa Clara County, California, that the annual election for high school trustees for Campbell Union High School District will be held at the Cambrian Grammar Schoolhouse on the last Friday in March, viz, March 28, 1930. It will be necessary to elect two trustees at large for three years. Polls will be open between the hours of 1:00 o'clock P. M. and 6:00 o'clock P. M..

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: Mrs. William Bachman, Inspector; Mrs. Charles Fammatre, Judge, and Mrs. S. W. Hocking, Judge.

**Moreland**  
Notice is hereby given to the electors of Moreland Elementary School District of Santa Clara County, California, that the annual election for high school trustees for Campbell Union High School District will be held at the Moreland Schoolhouse on the last Friday in March, viz, March 28, 1930. It will be necessary to elect two trustees at large for three years. Polls will be open between the hours of 1:00 o'clock P. M. and 6:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: Mrs. Ada Stuart, Inspector; Mrs. Drake,

Judge, and Mrs. Santon, Judge.

**Union**  
Notice is hereby given to the electors of Union Elementary School District of Santa Clara County, California, that the annual election for high school trustees for Campbell Union High School District will be held at the Union Schoolhouse on the last Friday in March, viz, March 28, 1930. It will be necessary to elect two trustees at large for three years. Polls will be open between the hours of 1:00 o'clock P. M. and 6:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: Mrs. Ella Lyon, Inspector; Henrietta Plock, Judge, and Emma Ridley, Judge.

**San Tomas**  
Notice is hereby given to the electors of Campbell, Hamilton, Meridian and San Tomas Elementary School Districts of Santa Clara County, California, that the annual election for high school trustees for Campbell Union High School District will be held at the Campbell Union Grammar Schoolhouse on the last Friday in March, viz, March 28, 1930. It will be necessary to elect two trustees at large for three years. Polls will be open between the hours of 1:00 o'clock P. M. and 6:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: L. M. Beal, Inspector; Mattie Couk, Judge, and Dora Ross, Judge.

Signed:  
J. E. Wiesendanger, Pres.  
J. L. Hagelin  
J. A. Kidward  
E. H. Todd  
F. W. Mitchell, clerk  
High School Board.  
Dated Feb. 26, 1930.  
(26-27-28-29)

#### NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE No. 3807

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN:**  
That default has been made in the payment of the sums agreed to be paid under the contract secured by that certain deed of trust executed by Phineas Pomeroy and Catherine Pomeroy, his wife, as trustors, to Edith G. Brown and R. L. Johnston, as trustees, and San Jose Building and Loan Association, a corporation, as beneficiary, dated February 7, 1927 and recorded February 11, 1927 in Volume 294 of Official Records, page 376, Records of Santa Clara County, California:

AND WHEREAS said San Jose Building and Loan Association, the beneficiary under said deed of trust did on the 26th day of November, 1929 record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, a notice of such default and of its election to cause the property covered by and described in said deed of trust to be sold to satisfy said obligation secured by said deed of trust, which notice is of record in Volume 488 of Official Records, page 286, Santa Clara County Records:

And more than three months having expired since the recording of said notice:

AND WHEREAS said San Jose Building and Loan Association, a corporation, beneficiary under said deed of trust, pursuant to its terms, has requested in writing that F. L. Johnston, one of said trustees, act alone for and as the act of both trustees, and execute the trusts as by said deed of trust provided:

And application in writing having been made to the undersigned as trustee under said deed of trust by the San Jose Building and Loan Association, a corporation, the owner and holder of said contract and deed of trust securing the same, that the said undersigned F. L. Johnston, as trustee under said deed of trust act alone and as the act of both trustees, and sell the premises by said deed of trust conveyed and hereinafter described, as by said deed of trust provided:

NOW THEREFORE the undersigned trustee will on Wednesday the 2nd day of April, 1930, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the County Court House in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the land and premises situate in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, viz:

Lot No. 17 of the Strom Subdivision in the Town of Campbell, according to a map of said Subdivision of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in

Book 0 of Maps, page 12, Records of said county.

Subject to all taxes levied or assessed against said property.  
Terms of sale cash in United States gold coin, ten per cent payment at time of sale, balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless on account of defective title, said ten per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of sale at purchaser's expense.  
Dated March 8th, 1930.  
F. L. JOHNSTON,  
(27-28-29-30) Trustee.

#### NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held by the voters of the Campbell Fire District, (bounded and described by that certain instrument filed on the 20th day of February, 1918, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County at San Jose, California), on the seventh day of April, 1930, at the Campbell Fire House, for the purpose of electing one commissioner to serve for the period of a three-year term.

Polls open at 12 M., and close at 5 p. m.  
R. W. Kennedy, E. E. Weeks and L. M. Beall, Judges.

E. C. MERRILL,  
W. H. STRAY,  
HORACE LEA.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the Town of Campbell. (27-8-9)

#### NOTICE OF ELECTION FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TRUSTEE

(Section 2,893, School Code)

**NOTICE** is hereby given to the Electors of Campbell Elementary School District of Santa Clara County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee will be held on March 28, 1930 (last Friday), at Campbell Union Grammar School.

There will be two trustees to elect for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of one o'clock p. m. and six o'clock p. m.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

Mr. Guy Farley, Inspector.  
Mrs. Dora Ross, Judge.  
Mrs. Edith Barker, Judge.

Signed:

WALTER I. MERRILL,  
Clerk.

Campbell Elementary School District.

Dated February 25, 1930.

#### Ada Rebekahs In Regular Meeting

The regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah lodge will be held this evening beginning at 7:30. After a brief business meeting at which delegates will be elected to attend the assembly in Oakland in May and the regular work taken care of

#### Mesdames Baugh, Cramer and Miss Rodeck Entertain

The St. Patrick season was the determining motif for a most enjoyable party at the home of Mrs. D. H. Cramer Wednesday, when she, together with Mrs. Hattie Baugh and Miss Mary Rodeck, entertained at a bridge tea.

The spacious home of the hostess was gay with lovely baskets of spring flowers artistically placed. Refreshments were served at small tables with "Irish Green" the prevailing color scheme. Dollies, candle holders and tapers and "Pat's pipe" nut holders were a pretty setting for the dainty salad, cakes, and ice cream, all in the same hue.

Comparison of scores showed Mrs. R. H. Hyde as leading with Mrs. N. O. Best second, Mrs. G. S. Robson, third, and Mrs. H. W. Morton entitled to the pretty consolation prize.

On Saturday Mrs. Baugh and Mrs. Cramer were hostesses at a one o'clock bridge luncheon the guests including several of the high school faculty.

The same motif prevailed in this party, the dining table at which the twelve guests were seated being centered with a long basket of spring flowers and green tapers.

Mrs. D. W. Clark and Miss Jessie Lewis won first and second places in the afternoon's game and Miss Claribel Boesch was awarded the consolation prize.

#### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

J. H. Bennett, Pastor

This Sunday at 7:30 p. m. you will have an opportunity to hear Mr. Harry Schumann, of San Jose, talk. Mr. Schumann is a candidate for sheriff. Mr. George Patterson will also give a brief talk. Rev. J. H. Bennett will address the congregation briefly.

As this is the first time the prospective candidate has talked in Campbell every one is welcome to come and listen this evening.

#### NOTICE

I wish to announce through the columns of this paper that I shall not be a candidate for re-election on the Board of Trustees of the Grammar School at the coming election.

WALTER I. MERRILL, M. D.

a social hour will be enjoyed by the members under the direction of Mrs. Myra Payne, Mrs. Jessie Silberbaur and Harry Silver.

Mrs. Arthur Bolling of Massachusetts spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. James Burns.

Mrs. John Ochs visited last week with friends and relatives in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Shirley of Kelseyville were recent visitors at the J. B. Gard home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanlon have returned to their home in Los Angeles after spending a few days with Mrs. Frank Weeks. Mrs. Hanlon's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weeks entertained at dinner Tuesday evening. Spring flowers were the decoration.

ations. Cards were enjoyed the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. William Spoele was a recent visitor with her brother C. Corria in Oakland.

**FOR SALE**—Johnson Electric Washer, nearly new, used not over ten times. Price reasonable. Call at Campbell Water Co.

**FOUND**—At Rincon and Winchester Road, a brown felt hat. George Barnes. Phone Campbell 167.

**For Sale**—Radiola, No. 25, A-1 condition. Reasonable. L. Selig, 363 Rincon avenue.

#### TRADE AT HOME

Tree Prope and Drying Trays a Specialty

#### All Kinds of Building Material Best Service Possible

Consumer Gets Benefit of all Discounts  
We want your business, ask your confidence, and assure the best of treatment

Local Agents for the New General Electric Refrigerator

#### Campbell Lumber Co.

Phone 113

## Announcing Another P.G. and E. Electric Rate Reduction

**\$2,400,000.00 Saving to Consumers**

Now, electric rates for consumers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are reduced over Two Million, Four Hundred Thousand Dollars a year.

Lighting rates are cut to a maximum rate of 4½ cents per kilowatt hour for incorporated areas, with a similar reduction in all areas.

The new rates are of greatest benefit to the small consumer—the residence user, stores and offices. Substantial reductions have been made in commercial, industrial and agricultural power rates. Street lighting rates are reduced.

Domestic combination rates for consumers using lighting service and in addition having electric appliances for heating and/or cooking, are as low as 1½ cents per kilowatt hour. The new commercial lighting schedules provide for lighting rates as low as 2 cents per kilowatt hour.

These new schedules providing lower electric rates are designed to encourage liberal usage of electricity at low cost. The new rates are among the lowest obtainable anywhere.

#### ELECTRICITY IS CHEAPER — YOU CAN USE MORE — MAKE IT YOUR SERVANT

Let electricity brighten the gloomy corners. Let it do the cooking, ironing, washing. Let it sweep the floors, operate the electric fan, drive away chills. It will percolate the coffee, make the toast, keep food warm or cool and wholesome.

Modern electric appliances bring comfort, convenience and economy.

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## Public Service of the first order

The young women who operate the telephone switchboards in this office are in a public service of the highest order.

Their task is to bring human voices together, on an instant's notice, tho the speakers be miles apart. Theirs is to watch carefully for the slightest imperfections in

communication. Theirs is to be deft-fingered, courteous, obliging; to realize the enormous importance that may lie behind any call, at any hour.

Every telephone call that these young women handle is a personal transaction with valued customers of this company.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

#### PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Giklison

